*Boy.* Well sir, we will not.

*Clo.* If you haue any musique that may not bee heard, to't a-gaine, but as they say, to heare musique, the Generall does not greatly care.

*Boy.* We ha none such sir.

*Clo.* Then put your pipes in your bag, for Ile away; goe, vanish into aire, away.

*Cas.* Dost thou heare my honest friend?

*Clo.* No, I heare not your honest friend, I heare you.

*Cas.* Prethee keepe vp thy quillets, ther's a poore peece of gold for thee: if the Gentlewoman that attends the Generals wife be stirring, tell her ther's one *Cassio*, entreates her a little fauour of speach—wilt thou doe this?

*Clo.* She is stirring sir, if she will stirre hither, I shall seeme to notifie vnto her. *Enter* Iago.

*Cas.* Doe good my friend: In happy time *Iago*. *Exit Clo.*

*Iag.* You ha not bin a bed then.

*Cas.* Why no, the day had broke before we parted:
I ha made bold *Iago* to send in to your wife,—my suite to her,
Is, that she will to vertuous *Desdemona*,
Procure me some accesse.

*Iag.* Ile send her to you presently,
And Ile deuise a meane to draw the Moore
Out of the way, that your conuerse and busines
May be more free. *Exit.*

*Cas.* I humbly thanke you for't: I neuer knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honest.

*Enter* Emilia.

*Em.* Good morrow good Lieutenant, I am sorry
For your displeasure, but all will soone be well,
The Generall and his wife are talking of it,
And she speakes for you stoutly: the Moore replies,
That he you hurt is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity, and that in wholesome wisedome,
He might not but refuse: but he protests he loues you,
And needs no other suitor but his likings,
To take the safest occasion by the front,
To bring you in againe. *Cas.*



*Cas.* Yet I beseech you,
If you thinke fit, or that it may
Giue me aduantage of some bri
With *Desdemona* alone.

*Em.* Pray you come in,
I will bestow you where you sh
To speake your bosome freely.

*Cas.* I am much bound to yo

*Enter* Othello, Iago, *a*

*Oth.* These letters giue *Iag*
And by him, doe my duties to t
That done, I will be walking to
Repaire there to me.

*Iag.* Well my good Lord, Il
*Oth.* This fortification Gen
*Gent.* We waite vpon your

*Enter* Desdemona, *C*

*Des.* Be thou assur'd good *C*
All my abilities in thy behalfe.

*Em.* Good Madam doe, I k
As if the case were his.

*Des.* O that's an honest fell
But I will haue my Lord and ye
As friendly as you were.

*Cas.* Bounteous Madame,
What euer shall become of *M*
Hee's neuer any thing but your

*Des.* O sir, I thanke you, you
You haue knowne him long, an
He shall in strangest, stand no f
Then in a politique distance.

*Cas.* I but Lady,
That pollicy may either last so l
Or feed vpon such nice and wa
Or breed it selfe, so out of circu
That I being absent, and my pla

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